Ro. O I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?
Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio?*
Tybalt that mutherer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that *Tybalt.*
Citi. Vp ſir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, olde Mountague, Capulet, *their wiues and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O Noble Prince, I can diſcouer all
The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall,
There lies the man ſlaine by young *Romeo,*
That ſlew thy kiſman, braue *Mercutio.*
Capu. Wi. *Tybalt*, my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozen, husband, O the bloud is ſpild
Of my deare kiſman, Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, ſhead bloud of Mountague.
O Cozin, Cozin.
Prin. Benuolio, who began this bloudie fray?
Ben. Tybalt here ſlain, whom *Romeos* hand did ſlay,
Romeo that ſpoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarell was, and vrgd withall
Your high diſpleaſure all this vttered,
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the vnruly ſpleene
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing ſteele at bold *Mercutios* breaſt,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly poynt to poynt,
And with a Martiall ſcorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It backe to *Tybalt*, whoſe dexteritie
Retorts it; *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and ſwifter then his tongue,
His

His aged arme beates downe thei
And twixt them ruſhes, vnderne
An enuious thruſt from *Tybalt*, hi
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tyba*
But by and by comes backe to R
Who had but newly entertaind r
And toote they go like lightning
Could draw to part them, was ſto
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne a
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* d
Ca. Wi. He is a kiſman to the
Affection makes him falſe, he ſp
Some twentie of them fought in t
And all thoſe twentie could but
I beg for Iuſtice which thou Prin
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt n
Prin. Romeo ſlew him, he ſlew
Who now the price of his deare
Capu. Not *Romeo* Prince, he w
His fault concludes, but what the
The life of *Tybalt.*
Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him h
I haue an intereſt in your hearts
My bloud for your rude brawles
But ile amerce you with ſo ſtron
That you ſhall all repent the lo
It will be deafe to pleading and
Nor teares, nor prayers ſhall pu
Therefore vſe none, let *Romeo*
Elſe when he is found, that hou
Beare hence this body, and atten
Mercie but murders, pardoning

Enter Iuliet alone.

Gallop apace, you fierie footed

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.3.